

# Poets Smalltown, Every Reason

There's a clever girl  
Who wonders what voice to believe  
When she hears all they have to say  
Talking more and more of trusting Jesus  
Is she testing, treading or drinking?  
Isn't it apparent  
That her thirsting is inherent?  
She has

(Chorus:)  
Every reason  
To cup her hands beneath it  
Taste the sweet release  
Every reason  
To satisfy and give her  
Every reason to believe

There's an able girl  
On the proving ground she finally found  
The place to wash her fear away  
With the gift of faith  
The Holy Spirit made there in wait  
He draws her weary heart  
Here to lose a million things  
Forgotten as the fountain brings her

(Chorus)

There's a happy girl  
The search for absolutes is over  
A new beginning under way  
Standing by the stream  
A river bold, pure and endless  
And it overflows and she has

(Chorus)